

The BLUE OWL

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SCHOOL

APRIL, 1939

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THE BLUE OWL

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Table of Contents

	Page
EDITORIALS	
A. H. S. Alumni.....	4
Class Rings.....	4
Wanted: More Interest.....	4
LITERARY	
Isolation.....	Robert Pettitt, '40 5
Golf Is Like That.....	Florence Murphy, '41 6
Henry's Sis.....	Betty Higgins, '41 7
Hero or Coward?.....	Evelyn Orme, '39 8
Mister Mechanic.....	Robert Chamillard, '40 8
The Perfect Alibi.....	Charles Tuttle, '41 9
Horror!.....	James Whitney, '39 10
Book Shelves.....	Evelyn Orme, '39 10
My Trial.....	Myrtle Higson, '42 11
The Adventures of Student Botts.....	F. Westerberg, Poet At Large 11
CARTOON.....	12
BITS THAT BITE.....	13
SCHOOL NEWS.....	16
ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS.....	17
THE DEBATE CLUB.....	18
WEEK-END GUESTS AT GROTON.....	19
MUSIC.....	21
SNAPS.....	22
ATHLETICS.....	23
CARTOON.....	25
HOOTS.....	26
ALUMNI NOTES.....	29

EDITORIALS

JOHN O'DONNELL '39

DAVID ROUNSEVILLE, '40

ARA MAKSOODIAN '41

A. H. S. Alumni

When we receive our diplomas, Seniors, we shall become alumni of Attleboro High—yes alumni in name only. Never again shall we be officially connected with the school, and never again shall we be able to meet as a class, but there is a medium whereby we may be able to remain a part of the school; that is by means of forming an Attleboro Alumni Association. When we realize that many colleges and high schools consider this a most important and controlling organization of any school, is there any reason that a school of our size could not operate a successful one?

At the end of each school year, the balance of the senior treasury dissolves into one literary fund. An alumni club would abolish this by having every class treasury kept separately, and the money wisely used for members of the respective class. Reunions could be held under the sanction of the club and all expenses could be defrayed by an annual alumni dance.

There are many former students who are interested and willing to participate in this idea, but are waiting for some one to start the ball rolling. Here is an undertaking for which the Class of 1939 will be thanked and remembered by the school longer than for any gift it may leave to the school in June. To those who will continue school life this may mean little, but to the majority of Seniors who may not be planning further education, we ask them to think seriously about this club, the A. H. S. Alumni.

Jack O'Donnell, '39

* * *

Class Rings

Every year at this time the juniors select class rings. This is no easy task because of the great variety of beautiful rings from which to choose. Although all the rings differ in style, there is one thing that every one of them

has in common—the seal. Our school seal is something every Attleboro High School student should be proud of because of its originality and distinction, which we owe to Mr. George Nerney, who designed it. The seal contains symbols taken from the original deed of Attleboro, England, for which our city is named.

Some high school boys and girls see no reason for spending so much money on such a ring, but there are sound reasons for it. After graduating from school, the ring is one proof of your education. Surely a ring is much easier to carry around than a diploma, and people can tell at a glance that you have graduated from Attleboro High School.

Since most of our class rings have been made locally, outsiders not only see the Attleboro High School seal and ring but also see a display of fine workmanship by our factories.

Class rings are not just pieces of jewelry; they are tokens of school days and class friends. Here, in Attleboro, we have a different ring picked by a committee from the juniors each year, but in many other schools the same ring is given to every class. As long as we keep the same seal, I hope that the juniors will be able to choose the ring which they like best. Since no two classes are just alike, no two class rings should be identical.

David Rounseville, '40

* * *

Wanted: More Interest

More interest in school sports is wanted by our coach from the boys who are now in athletics and those who are planning to engage in such activities in the future. More underclassmen are also wanted, so that they may be developed into well-coordinated teams by the time they are juniors or seniors.

(Continued on Page 29)



CONSTANCE FARROW '39

ARTHUR CARLSON '40

Isolation

Sept. 9.—School began today. Had loads of fun. Like most of my teachers. Don't know many of the pupils. A nice looking girl sits beside me in Latin class. Don't know her name. The boy behind me in English talked and fooled all period.

Sept. 10.—The boy in the English class got a session today. I ignore him. Most of the kids like him. The teacher told us that Freshman Latin is not very difficult, although it takes a little work. She was right!

Sept. 13.—Slept overtime. Nearly late for school. Had a little test in Latin. Copied Carla Whitman's paper. Boy, is she pretty? Went to bed early.

Sept. 14.—Didn't go to school as usual with Peter and Ralph. I don't enjoy their company at all. I wish I had better neighbors. Received "A" in yesterday's Latin quiz. Went to a symphony concert at night. Beautiful music.

Sept. 15.—Had my seat changed in English class. I sit in a back seat beside Guy Blanchard. He's a swell kid. Mom and Dad went to Worcester at night. I read all about the Nativity in the Bible. I started to write some music to it. Not bad, so far. I hope I finish it before Christmas. Went to bed at midnight. Had a long talk with God. I decided that I must devote myself to writing sacred music. I also decided that I hate everybody except Guy Blanchard, Carla Whitman, and Mother. It's going to be hard to hate so many people and yet be acceptable to God. I guess it can be done.

Sept. 16.—I now pay no attention to Peter or Ralph. They are such fools. I guess my philosophy of last night was right. What fools we all are! Today I succeeded in ignoring everyone but the teachers and Guy and Carla. Glee Club in afternoon. I think I'll quit Glee Club. None of the stupid tenors can sing a right note. As I don't speak to anyone of them, I find it hard to endure, because I don't tell them they're wrong. I guess we'll have to get a new music director. Lost my English book.

Sept. 19.—Went to church today as usual. In afternoon went walking with Carla. Asked her to the dance Saturday night. Listened to radio at night. Bored.

Sept. 20.—First day of school I said I didn't know many pupils; I'm now glad I don't. They are all fools. Nearly late for algebra class. Tripped and fell into room. The kids laughed. It took all my indifference to keep from laughing myself. I'm glad Carla isn't in my algebra class. Even Guy laughed. Maybe he's not so wonderful as I think he is.

Sept. 21.—Found English book under my locker. Not much in school. Bought a new pair of socks.

Sept. 22.—Carla is angry with me. She said she wished I would come down to earth and be human. I explained my opinions of mankind. Now she won't even speak to me. I thought she would understand.

Sept. 23.—Didn't go to Glee Club. Left. Carla didn't speak to me again today. Egad!

Sept. 25.—Mowed lawn in morning. I guess it's the last time this summer. Went to a dance at night. Had a fair time. Carla didn't seem very enthusiastic. I only danced the ones I had with Carla. Guy was there. He looked wonderful. Boy, I'm sure that I've never seen anything so beautiful as Guy was tonight. There were quite a few fools there. I didn't mind, I'm used to ignoring them. Got home at 12:45.

Sept. 26.—Tired. Got up just in time to go to church. Very queer sermon, about isolation. The minister said we are here to help each other and such useless stuff. Nonsense! I see no reason why I should pay any attention to anyone. Nobody does me any good.

Sept. 27.—Got a note from Carla in Latin class. She said she will see me no more, because I go too far in disregard of fellow human beings. Pooh! Algebra test tomorrow.

Sept. 28.—Relations between me and other pupils exist no longer. Even Guy doesn't tolerate my attitude. I don't know what's the matter with him. He used to be a swell kid. Algebra test rather easy.

Sept. 29.—Still not speaking to anybody. I'm getting kind of sick of it. Received "A" in yesterday's algebra test.

Sept. 30.—Went to the movies in afternoon. Rather cheap show.

Oct. 1.—I have nothing in common with those fools in school. I still admire Guy very much; it's too bad we're not on speaking terms. Wrote more of my Christmas anthem at night.

Oct. 3.—Went to Boston with Mother. She visited her cousin while I went to church. Very interesting sermon. Apparently we humans are in a bad way, and depend upon each other in order to be helped. Maybe my philosophy is all wrong. They're all fools, yes, but I am just as much a fool as they. I wonder?

Oct. 4.—Told Guy of my change in policy. He said he didn't care. Spoke to most of the kids. They disregarded me. Don't they understand? Dad tells me that we will move out of town Saturday. Awfully short notice.

Oct. 5.—I am friendly, yet friendless. They don't speak to me.

Oct. 6.—Still they don't speak to me. Made arrangements with teachers about leaving school, checking books, etc.

Oct. 7.—Last effort to make friends—fruitless.

Oct. 8.—Didn't go to school today. Awfully sad. Well, I must look forward to new friends, new experiences, and a new outlook on life. To be sure I shall enter my new school with a different attitude. I am sorry for all that happened these few weeks, but I guess it's morbidly useful experience. I know I'll never forget Carla or Guy.

Robert Pettitt, '40.

* * *

Golf Is Like That

In the spring some people's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—! That's right. You have guessed it,—golf. It's really a good game if you have will-power and patience and a few other virtues.

Well, if you arise on a bright, sunny morning in May, and if you like the game your first thought will be golf.

So you start out in high spirits with your golf bag over your shoulder, after having dodged everyone with whom you do not wish to play. You don't dodge people because you do not want to wait for them to play or because you don't like to help hunt for their balls. The truth is that you don't like to have them see you make weak stabs at the ball and invariably miss.

Doing everything that the Pro told you in your last lesson you find rather hard; so you acquire a little style of play all your own, which isn't half so good, but a lot easier than the correct way.


After taking ten or eleven strokes on each of the first three holes, you approach the water hole and have to wait for the people playing behind you to play through. (You find this is easier than having them watch you.) You start to think while waiting, "Well, tens and elevens aren't so bad; after all, it's just the beginning of the season." While this is all quite true, in a way, you really feel, away down deep, though you hate to admit it, that you will never really be a golfer. But on the other hand there is always the excuse that you like to get out in the fresh air.

The party in front having gone through, you tee up your ball and approach it. At about this stage you begin to think how far it is across that pond, and decide to tee up an older ball just in case it goes into that threatening water. This done, you start bringing your club into the backswing slowly and then, bringing it through the ball with what you hope will send it onto the green, you hear that familiar but unwelcome sound of a golf ball falling into water.

Well, one ball is lost, but that was an old one and you still have another; so you tee up again. Duplicating your first try and losing a second ball, you decide that this game runs into money, and move on to the next hole.

The fifth and sixth holes go pretty well considering how tired you're getting. On the seventh, you don't do so badly either, getting an eleven, being cheered by the thought that even Sammy Snead was once a mere beginner. Hopefully you move on to the next hole.

With dense woods to the right of you and dense woods to the left of you, you find it hard to gather courage, and remembering those three balls already lost (you lost another one on the sixth), you hope like mad that the ball will soon reach that green which is not so very far away. Then in a fit of frenzied fear, you throw discretion to the wind and swing the club, pitching the ball quite a distance—but in the wrong direction.

 After you have searched for a while, scratching your legs and arms, and tearing your clothes in several places on the bushes, you decide, as you should after losing four balls,

that this is enough golf for to-day. Upon facing questioners on your way home, you tell them you are quite discouraged with your game, which is the height of understatement. Sheer will power keeps you from saying more.

Florence Murphy, '41.

* * *

Henry's Sis

Henry was disgusted with life! What did he go to school for all week? For the simple reason that he'd have Saturday to do anything he wanted to! Yeah—anything! Hump! And here he was sitting at home taking care of his little sister. It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't that she was at *that* age, and Mom gave in to her every whim. "Oh well—maybe because I took care of her this afternoon I can get that tux; I can't go with my usual suit—"

"Hello, Mom."

"Hello, dear. You may go out now if you want to."

(Yeah, if I want to! As though I could find the gang now, half-past four. Besides, I've got to speak to her about the tux. Say! I've got an idea: *how about Sis?*)

That night at dinner it began. Mother didn't know why Henry couldn't wear his "nice suit"—("Nice," did she say?) Why, if I wore that suit once more with the baggy knees and worn-out seat, the gang would chip in and *buy* me another! (Just because it's a dark suit, she thinks it's all right.) Father agreed with what mother said. Then suddenly, from a clear sky, Henry's sister urged, "Mom I really am ashamed of Henry in the old suit. All his friends have tuxes; why shouldn't he?"

At first, it must be admitted, Henry's mother was a bit surprised, but the purchase of a new suit for Henry was finally settled, and Mom had given into Sis (*not* to Henry!) and, as usual, Dad had given Mother's decision his O. K.

"And," said Henry to himself after dinner as he dialed the radio to "swing," "nobody ever knew that it cost me half a dollar from the money I was saving to buy that pip of a tie—Say! that gives me an idea—Hi, Sis!"

Betty Higgins, 41.

Hero or Coward?

The ship was sinking fast. Sailors worked desperately at the boats, but they seemed to be making little or no progress in freeing them. The men heaved on the tackles. A davit groaned mightily in its rusted base, but moved only a few inches.

"No wonder," thought the captain, as he paced rapidly back and forth in the wing of the bridge, "No wonder the davits are rusted in their bases; no wonder the sheaves are frozen in the blocks; we haven't had a boat drill for —." He stopped to think. "Lord! It must be six months or more. A good reason for the boats being stuck, requiring unnecessary time to free them. But should I be blamed for that? I've got to save myself now!"

He rushed down the deck, amid the crowding, maddened stampede of human beings. Orders were shouted at the sailors, commanding them to free the life boats. They worked as hard as they could, but their attempts were of no avail. He told them to stay at it, while he rushed to find the life belts.

There was no thought of the passengers in his mind; his only desire was to save himself. He dreaded the thought of going to such a dreadful death. The sea had always had a peculiar fascination for him, yet with it there had been that fear of drowning. What could he do now? He was a worldly man. He knew what the public opinion would be if the captain of the sinking ship returned safe, and many of the passengers were drowned. Would it be better to return safe and stand the challenge of the world that would regard him as a coward, or should he see other passengers to safety and take the chance of their being able to release enough boats to rescue the captain and crew? He knew his duty, but his mind clamored for him to save himself.

All this passed through his mind during the few minutes in which he found the life belts and brought them up on the deck. Here his problem was solved. Hardly had he come into view when the safety belts were snatched from him and he was left empty-handed.

It was then he decided to play the hero's part. These innocent people, even while

they were rushing around hysterically, deserved to be saved more than he. They would all be off the vessel now, if he had had the proper boat drills and inspection. If he returned, he would be a man among men, standing by his post till the last survivor had been rescued. The thought of drowning still tortured him, but he pushed it aside. He would be happy in the realization that he had at last made up for his neglect and had done his duty.

At last one of the boats swung clear; another was on its way, and a third hoisted from its cradle. Oversized falls jammed in the blocks, causing them to lose precious moments. A watertight bulkhead collapsed under pressure. A tremor vibrated through the ship, warning that the end was near. Fighting against time, the captain helped the timid women and men, who were picked up and tossed, like sacks, into the boats. As many as possible were herded in, and the sailors rowed off, just as the ship went under, carrying the remaining members of the crew and the captain, a hero still trying to overcome his cowardice, down, down, down, to the proverbial "Davy Jones' locker."

Evelyn Orme, '39.

* * *

"Mister Mechanic"

Did you ever meet a "Mister Mechanic"? I did one day when I was driving down the highway that runs through Hicktown. I was driving away from the center, and as I came to a fork in the road about three miles from the center, my car acted funny. It gave one last heaving cough and stopped.

I tried to start the thing with the starter, but I only wore out the battery. As I am no mechanic, I began figuring on walking to a garage which I had noticed on the outskirts of Hicktown when an old "tin can" with a wheezy engine in it came along and stopped.

A fellow about eighteen years old got out and said, "What's the matter, a flat tire? You should carry a spare." I bluntly replied that it was the modern marvel of science, that

gas eating, oil consuming contraption under the hood that wouldn't run.

"Oh, it won't percolate, eh? Well, I can fix that," he said as he opened the hood and began tinkering with the carburetor. Personally, I don't see how it could percolate. A gasoline engine never made coffee in my estimation.

Exactly one hour, twenty-nine minutes, and thirty-four seconds later he was surrounded by wires, gears, nuts and bolts, and gadgets, and still he had found no symptoms of no-run-itis.

"Maybe your battery is dead," he volunteered. I never dropped the battery or hurt it in any way so I couldn't see how or why it wanted to die at a time like this. The "Mister Master-Mechanic" now secured a piece of wire and proceeded to test the battery. The results were shocking. That little black thing nearly threw him into a nearby hayfield.

Dazed and tired he commented, "I guess that's okay." He straightened up, scratched his head, and said, "She is in pretty bad shape. I'll take you to a garage." I climbed into his aged chariot, and we chugged two and a half miles to the garage.

An intelligent looking man greeted me and after I had informed him of my plight he drove to my car, or at least what the "mechanic" had left of it. It surely was a messy looking sight, but after a real, genuine automotive expert had pieced it together again it looked pretty good.

He tried to start the darned thing but it refused to run. In fact, it looked as though I might have to walk. This dashing genius of a mechanic shook his head, thought a minute, and then proceeded to peer into the gas tank. Nary a drop did he spy.

After securing gas I headed for my destination to keep my appointment. I arrived for this luncheon appointment exactly three hours, seventeen minutes and forty-five seconds too late.

Beware of the self ascertained genius, the modern master, "Mister Mechanic" if you are going to keep an appointment.

Robert Chamillard, '40.

The Perfect Alibi

One day late in the summer of 1937, the gates of the state penitentiary opened wide, and out walked Doc Schultz, free at last—yes, free to do what he had been planning to do for those five long years while in prison, to kill the man who had turned state's evidence and had put him there. Summoning a taxi, which he took to the lower end of town, Doc laughed maliciously to himself, for he had thought up the perfect crime.

The taxi stopped, and he entered a ramshackle old building where he met an old crony, Slug Finnegan. Doc looked around, and seeing no one was near, said softly, "Slug, I'm going to kill a rat, and I need your help. You're going to put on these pants with the white paint spot in the seat, and go dig clams down by the dock between two and three o'clock, when the tide will be 'way out tomorrow afternoon. People will be bound to notice that paint spot, and will testify that I was digging clams while I was really murdering the guy that put me in prison."

Slug, puzzled, interrupted saying, "I don't get it boss. You won't be digging clams by the dock. It will be me."

Chuckling, Doc explained that no one would know the difference, and told Slug to leave the dock at three o'clock, and meet him at an empty house beside a dirt road about a quarter of a mile from the wharf, where they would change clothes.

Things worked exactly as Doc had planned, for after killing the man who had "squealed" on him, he met Slug at the empty house, and quickly changed into the old clothes with the white spot in the seat of the pants. Doc then picked up the clam basket, which strangely enough was filled with clams, all of which had their shells opened. Doc had never seen clams before, and asked Slugger why they were that way. Slugger replied, "Gee, Boss, I don't know. I never saw any clams before this, and I couldn't catch hold of the darn things either, because every time I uncovered a mess of them, they would slink back in the mud before I could catch them."

I thought it would seem funny, Boss, if I didn't,—I mean, you didn't—get any clams, so I bought these at a road-side stand." Doc was amazed at the intelligence of his confederate, and gave him ten dollars extra for his work. Then he started down the road as if returning from clamming.

After walking about half of a mile, however, he was picked up by the police as a suspect for the murder which he had committed. Later, in the police station, as he had planned, witnesses testified that they had seen him digging clams, and Doc, in order to convince the detectives of his innocence, showed them the clams that he had supposedly dug.

One inspector motioned to his comrades and whispered in their ears. He then came up to Doc and said, "Doc, I place you under arrest."

Doc, who was completely baffled by this statement, protested that he had a perfect alibi, and demanded to know why he was being held.

The inspector replied saying, "Doc, your alibi *is* perfect all except for one little thing. See if you can explain the fact that these clams have been cooked. You certainly haven't had time to steam clams since three o'clock, when you say you left the pier."

Charles Tuttle, '41

* * *

Horror!

A tense feeling, like that of lurking danger, gripped me as I tried to make progress through the tropical underbrush. It was one of those hot, muggy days so prevalent in the jungle. It made my clothing stick to my body. The air was rank with the odor of decaying vegetation, and steam could be seen dispersing from the sun-baked river bank. The long twining vines grasped about my limbs like the tentacles of a huge marine animal pouncing on its way. Occasionally, a ferocious, cunning, slime-covered alligator would slip silently into

the water and gaze fondly at one as if he would swallow a victim if he looked too hard into the evil srelling water. It was quiet, save for the occasional screeching of a bird or the titter of a monkey, high above in the trees. Suddenly, I was rooted to the spot by a bloodcurdling cry from up the river. I knew all too well what it meant. A monstrous ape was roaring a challenge. Someone was in danger. Throwing caution to the winds, I recklessly cut my way through the dense foliage. It seemed like hours before I had covered those few hundred feet up the bank. I was too late. There was the ape on the other side of the river. This huge monster was slowly but surely crushing the life out of his helpless victim—a dark-skinned, over-ripe banana.

James Whitney, '39.

* * *

Book Shelves

Our school library seems to be proving very popular lately, as shown at certain periods by the rush to find seats. There are newspapers for current events, magazines for any type of special report, besides the numerous fiction books, plays, travelogues for book reports, and encyclopedias for general information.

An interestingly written story of a poor Chinese peasant and his rise to wealth and power is "The Good Earth", by Pearl Buck. It will entertain you to the very end with its strange mixture of emotions, some of which may be so strangely different from your own.

Special news for the girls! Do you want to be popular? Of course you do, but not in a Cinderella fashion. You want something that will last and be part of you—a new self. Read "Personality Preferred" by Elizabeth Woodward, author of the Sub-Deb page in the Ladies' Home Journal. It will take hard work, transformation, and many experiments, but you can become a pleasing and good-to-look-at companion for any boy you have your eye set on.

Another helpful book, but in a different way, is "Skin Deep" by M. C. Phillips. Written to acquaint the public with the merits and defects of certain products, it shows what will happen from the use of certain cosmetics, which are put on the market wholly for the manufacturer's selfish profit. This, in connection with "Personality Preferred" should show some good results. Other books put out by the government in aid of the consumer are "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" and "The American Chamber of Horrors."

One of those very good for a book, report but interesting to read at any time, is Harry A. Franck's sixteen months' joyous record of excursions into almost every phase of English life today. An entertaining travel narrative, "Foot Loose in the British Isles" is a treasure of carefully collected and judiciously interpreted information. It is a wise and rich book by the prince of vagabonds, who is also a philosopher with a conscience and a twinkling, sparkling way with words. This tale of many days on the open road is the report of a man who listened rather than talked of all the differences between our own land and what is called our "Mother Country."

Some people like books that are small and thin, with very large type and which can be read "at one sitting." Such a book is "The Unintentional Charm of Men" by Frances Lester Warner. It is fully as witty and intriguing as its title sounds.

No matter what your type, book-worm or skimmer, your need will be easily satisfied. Try reading a new book, just for entertainment and see how intellectual it makes you feel—the Seniors will actually think that they are intelligent, and the Freshmen will realize that someday they may be.

Evelyn Orme, '39

* * *

My Trial

I dared myself to write a poem,
But there came no reply.
For if I *had* to write a poem,
I think I'd rather die.

I sat myself behind my desk,
And then began to think.
But everything I'd start to write,
Was just a waste of ink.

I gave it up in mere disgust;
This plainly I could see,
I was not meant to be a poet,
And poet I'll never be.

Myrtle Higson, '42

* * *

The Adventures of Student Botts

Hiram Ulysses Worthington Botts,
Wore striped pants and a coat of spots.
He went to school one sunny day,
A certain school that began with A—.

He went straight way to the locker room,
But there he was to meet his doom.
They took his tin cupboard far away,
And with a friend he had to stay.

He rushed upstairs with the final bell,
And the watchful teacher gave him—
the dickens.

He took his lantern, and went to the hall,
To try to study till the bell did call.

Recess really was a fright!
They pushed and shoved with all
their might,

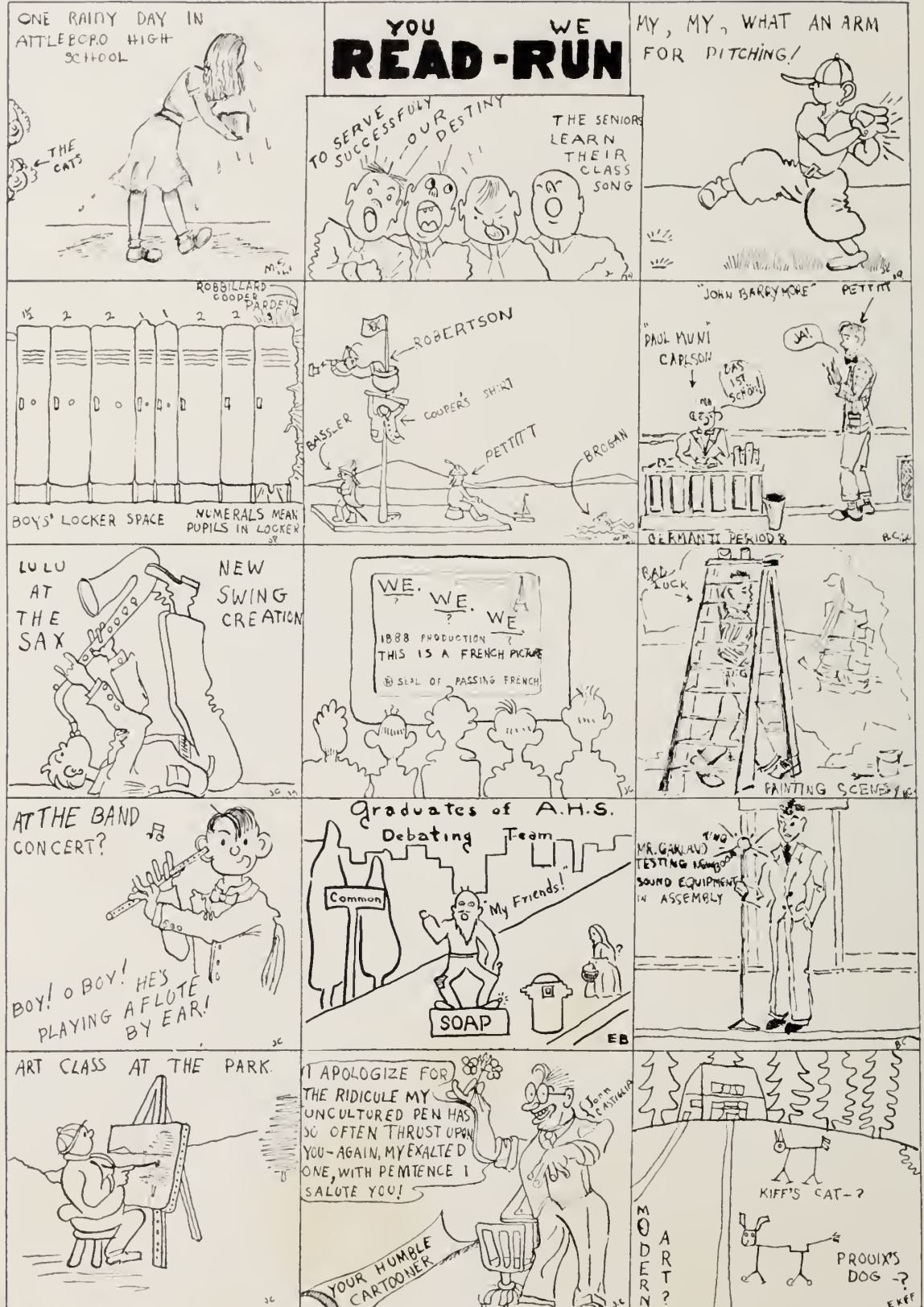
He got a milk bath, free of charge,
From a student nearly as big as a
barge.

Again the bell rang, and off he went,
At floor number three he was well
nigh spent,
Dauntless, fearless, courageous?—Yes
But he was tired never-the-less.

The last bell rang with a gladdening shout,
To end the last and final bout,
As the mob surged on with a deafening
pound,

He lifted his feet and was carried
down!

F. Westerberg, Poet At Large



BITS THAT BITE

EDDIE HEALEY '39

DEMET. ATHANAS '39

RAY. BROGAN '39

MEL. YOUNG '40

Dear Reader:

As this is the last appearance of our column, we would like to say at this time that anything we have printed was all in fun. We hope that you will continue to enjoy this column in future years. Thanks for all the support given us, and we hope you'll think often of us "old-dirt-digger-uppers" in the future. Eddie, Demet and Ray, '39.

P. S.—I hope you'll continue your support 'cause there's going to be as good a column if not better next year. Mel, '40.

Gee, I guess Demet Athanas just goes for the name Bernice, cause it's Bernice again. if anyone is interested.

Bill Gurn may be seen any night running towards a certain Priscilla's house and this is the whole spoof and nothing but the spoof.

Dear Love Letter Editor

I am sweet sixteen and never been kissed. What should I say at the end of my prayers? Ruthie Murray.

Dear Ruthie

Just say—Ah Men.

The Senior Prom was attended by Alumni. After the dance many couples went to a certain diner in Seekonk to end up a lovely evening when all of a sudden there came a rattle of drums and the orchestra leader announced that there was a newly married couple among us and offered congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hadley of Attleboro. Everyone was surprised and called for a speech from the bridegroom. Finally Bill arose and said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart and I'm sure we'll have a happy married life." After a lot of questioning, I learned it was a joke played on him by his *friends*. But you should have seen the girl with Bill—blush—Wow!

OUR ANALYSIS OF HUMOR

The joke is an institution that came down to us from Adam. When he heard the first joke it tickled him in all but one rib, and so he had it taken out and made into a woman. That is why, to this day, a woman can't see the point of a joke.

First there is the slow ignition joke. Personally, I haven't been able to get the point of this one yet. If you can, please drop a post card so we all can laugh.

During the war the Germans named their battleships after jokes so that the English wouldn't see them.

By far one of the biggest sources of jokes is the pun. There is the bitty pun, the slight pun, the plain pun, and the gross pun. It is the last one that makes us tear our hair out and froth at the mouth. Eg. "I've had this pen since I was a little Sheaffer."

Dialogue between the judge and a prisoner is always good for a laugh. It is a popular form with comedians, and it also finds much use in the literary field.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the humorous judge just before delivering the death sentence, "You'll die when you hear this one."

By far the biggest field for school boy comies is the boy and girl joke, and these are definitely out of amateur standing.

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man, "you're the first girl I've ever kissed."

"I'll be frank with you," she answered. "You've got a lot to learn."

If you don't know what we're talking about, don't ask us.

We thank you.

The nuttiest fact of all is the nutty fact that the nut who knows the greatest number of nutty facts is the nut who writes this heah column.

There was a Senior named Clark
 Who was lost with his girl in the dark.
 He spoke to unearth her,
 "What time is it Bertha?"
 She said, "Why, it's just two—O, Clark."

THE COURTSHIP OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

Lord Chest was on his bended knee
 The girl was wan and pale
 He looked into her large blue eyes
 And asked, "Do you inhale?"
 The girl replied with voice so smooth
 That Chesty heaved a sigh
 "Well, Chesty boy, ol' boy, ol' boy,
 You're mild but you satisfy."

BIG MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF A FRESHMAN

1. Lending pad paper to seniors. (Sucker!)
2. His first walk in the corridor with his girl.
3. Passing his first note without getting caught.
4. Being late for class and strutting in with a yellow slip.
5. Being able to find his way to class without looking behind the door.

Statistics show that the average age of the largest criminal group is seventeen years.
 Moral: Come to High School and stay out of jail.

TEACHERS TAKE NOTICE

Have you noticed a change in Red Klebe's homework papers in writing and content? Well, it is rumored that a certain girl whose name begins with Viola is working her fingers to the bone trying to get her own done after doing Red's (homework).

Well, the boys finally chose their clothes. Now it's up to the clothiers. It seems that one merchant said he would throw in the tie and handkerchief free if the boys bought at his store. Then another merchant said he would throw in the shirt and tie free if you

bought it at his store. It is rumored that another merchant is planning to throw in the tie, shirt and shoes if the seniors purchased at his store. Your columnist believes if one waits long enough he'll get all the duds free.

Jitterbugs is a good name for them, when they start acting bugs they give us the jitters.
 —Mr. Gibb

NOTICED AT THE PROM

Bill Hadley and Alice Towle—Class of '38's best looking gal.

Ray Brogan and ?—His blonde steady from Pawtucket.

John Schultheiss and Effe Machon—A couple of love birds.

Ruben Bourbonnais and Ruth Murray—We don't have to explain this one.

Tom Healey and Bette Murphy—a cute number from Taunton.

Louie Crawford and Maureen Murphy—cute sister of Bette Murphy.

Len Driscoll and Marcile Gustafson—a swell fella from N. A.

Red Madden and Bette Pierce—purty rice!

MOTTOS

Egotist—An I for an I.

Tightwads—Backward turn backward, O dime in thy flight.

Farmers—Weed 'em and reap.

A. H. S. Boy—Don't count your chickens before they show up for the date.

Old Folks—When is the younger generation coming to?

Londoners—There's no place like Holmes (Sherlock).

TO THE PROBLEM SOLVER

Dear Sir:

My old cat fur does not generate static electricity so I am in search of a new fur. I can procure a live cat but do not know how to gently extinguish its life. Would be grateful if you could solve this problem.

Softhearted,

James Whitney.

Dear Softhearted,

Your solution is to grab the feline by the tail. That will be the end of him.

Yours truly,
Problem Solver.

And then there was the freshman
Who was so dumb that he thought
"The Latin Quarter" was legal tender in
Italy.

I call my girl Seven Day because she makes
one weak—Charlie Markman.

If all students who sleep in classes were
laid end to end they would be more com-
fortable—Miss E. Claffin.

BY ONE OF OUR POETS . . .

Phew! We Made It

The clatter of hoof beats—hurrying feet
Thumping, clumping on the retreat,
Faster, and faster, pushing along.
Hurry! Oh hurry! Or else they'll be gone.
Nearer and nearer the goal doth approach,
Nearer and nearer—"Out of my way
there, Coach!"

Between 108 and dear 107
Lay the pathway to a schoolboy's heaven.

A turn to the right—a twist to the left,
And there on the counter, (may heaven
be blest)

For a horrible, unpredictable fate.
Worries are over—nothing but rest.

Recess! Thursday, A. H. S.
(Recess, recess, and mustard on my vest.)

Dear Mr. Whoosis,

I am six feet eight inches tall and am
madly in love with a midget. Should I
marry her?

Yours truly,
M. T. Life

Dear Empty Life,

Sure, she's good for half fare any time.

Give Me a Stentence with the Word . . .

Bailiff—"Bailiff me, it sure was a tough
exam."

Faro—"Faro, fair has my little dog gone?"

Mastadon—"You mastadon something to
make him mad."

Dispose—"Who is dispose of?"

Nephew—"Then I says to him, 'Nephew
want to fight, come out in the alley'."

Dear Fixer of All Problems:

I have had trouble studying lately. The
words and sentences in my books seem to be all
jumbled up and don't make sense. What
would you suggest I do to remedy the situa-
tion?

Henry William Kelley

Dear Henry William,

Try turning the book right side up when
you're reading.

Dear Voice of E—

I'm not in love with a girl, but her kisses
thrill me more than any others. Should she be
my best friend?

Hopefully yours,

Anson.

Dear Hallie,

My answer is emphatically no. She
deserves to be known as necks best.

A letter written to the mender of broken
hearts.

Mender of Broken Hearts

Blue Owl

A. H. S.

Dear Madam, Sir or whoever you may be,

I would like to know how long girls should
be courted?

Yours truly,

In a Tough Spot.

Our Answer

Dear Tough Spot,

Why, just court 'em the same as ya do
short ones.

Mender of Broken Hearts.

SCHOOL NEWS

ANNIE SHAND '39

BETTY WELLS '40

NORMA RIOUX '41

BARBARA JEFFERS '42

Hi Kids!

Here we are again, bringing to you the news of A. H. S.—knows nothing but tells all.

Flash!! the long anticipated Senior Prom was held at last in the gym, April 14. The members of the committee did themselves proud, for the decoration, in spring colors, were lavish and attractive, and the orchestra, Bob Doyle and his Hi Hatters, was, in the opinion of the majority, the best to play on the gym floor in many a year. Also, according to Eddie Healey, a better profit than expected was taken in. So, you see—

For the past few weeks the Seniors have been very busy planning for graduation. The girls have decided to wear white sport dresses and brown and white pumps; the boys light tan trousers and brown jackets with brown and white sport shoes. Also, members of the Tattletale Staff are busily at work trying to make the year book the best in many a year.

Because of the high honors that our Debating Club won in the local contests, it was eligible to compete in the State Contest held at Groton. We should be proud to know that our debaters remained in the contest until semi-finals.

Miss Cecile St. Pierre presented the acclamation which opened the debate. The debators from A. H. S. were Constance Farrow, and Herbert Moore for the affirmative, Marjorie Holt and Stanley Holbrook for the negative. The subject for debate was "Should the United States Establish an Alliance with Great Britain?"

The affirmative debated the Hadley team and were victorious with a score of 3-0; the Charlton team to whom we lost 2-1; the Shrewsbury negative over whom we won 2-1.

The negative debated the Hadley affirmative and won 3-0; Braintree and lost 2-1; Northampton and lost 3-0.

This organization not only debates, but it offers other forms of public speaking open to all such as oratory, original oratory, humorous, extempore, and dramatic declamation.

This is the first year of the Debating Club, but they hope to have a bigger, better, successful club next year and for years to come.

Heard in the corridors after the operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance":

"Wasn't the scenery swell! The art department deserves a lot of credit for painting it."

"Yes, I agree with you, and this is the first year I've seen two different scenes."

The first scene was that of an interior of a cave with the water and pirate ship seen from the entrance of the cave, and the second scene was that of an old ruined chapel. All the singers, too, should be congratulated for the fine work they did.

Junior rings arrived Wednesday, April 26, to the great satisfaction of Miss Graves and the class of '40. The stone is black in a square setting, with the school crest in gold upon it—a very good looking ring.

Tri-Y girls have been plenty busy these last two months. The meeting, March 29, was given over to a style show from Gladdings followed by a tea. The mothers of all were in attendance that night, decked out in colorful corsages. The following meeting, two weeks later, was attended by the teachers, and movies of Germany were shown by Mr. Schaefer, a local man. The club also held a game night, April 27, for the purpose of raising money for field hockey equipment for a girls' team which is to be organized next year. This affair was quite a success, and gave the hockey fund quite a boost.

On May 5 the Junior Dance was held in the gymnasium. The four officers and the committee consisting of Jeanne Welsh, Ralph Schultheiss, Estelle Cameron, Owen Johnson,

Paul Cunningham and Dale Osterberg worked hard to make the first social of the year a successful one.

The Student Council has been doing fine work this year. The most important topic for consideration has been the proposed point system, which will go into effect next year for one year's trial to see how it will work out. This system will limit the number of activities a student can take part in during a year. By doing this, more people will be able to hold offices, and the same person will not take charge of several offices.

Another important discussion was the new sport, field hockey for the girls. It is hoped that this sport will become recognized in A. H. S. because the girls need more sport activity.

The Sophs certainly made a grand showing at that recent gala affair, the Senior Prom! Come on, Sophs, let's go to town at all the school social affairs and show up all the other classes—come, all you jitterbugs, take advantage of the chance given you "to do your stuff!"

The girls of the former Bi-Y wish to make the announcement that, although they no longer are a school club, they will be more than willing at any time to lend a helping hand to Mr. Garland and the school, if ever they are short of funds for some school activity, and they will uphold the honor of the school to the very best of their ability.

A few theme songs of some Sophs:

Cynthia Fryefield—"Where Are You?"

Florence Murphy—"My Heart Is Taking Lessons"

"Slug" Fine—"I'm Just a Vagabond Lover"

John Flavin—"Just Give Me The Girl"

Martin Slutsky—"I am Little Buttercup"

Betty Cooper—"My Heart Belongs to Daddy"

Rachel Payette—"Speak To Me of Love"

Lane Murray—"I Love the Life I Live"

"Pete" Peters—"It's the Gypsy In Me"

Russell Baker—"It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way That You Do It"

Well, to get back to business again, Mr. Hall's two Ancient and Medieval History classes recently held a very interesting quiz on all topics thus far studied in Medieval History. Those participating in the contest from the Period D class were Charles Patterson, Priscilla Garland, and James Spellmeyer. The contestants from the Period F class were Edward Casey, Mei Seeto, and William Conlan. The judges were Charles Mandeville Olive Clark, Phyllis Hodge, and Henry Meyers. The score keepers were Anna Rivello and George Janson. Congratulations are due Period D class, but it is expected that the losers will challenge them to another contest in the near future.

One of Miss Wall's Latin I classes wrote short stories recently. Some very interesting and amusing stories were read to the class. Many students showed their ability to write Latin.

Miss Povey's English I classes have been receiving very interesting letters from their foreign correspondents in English speaking countries.

What is that one-sided affair between "Slats" and a cute senior? (He is not exactly a milkman, but—!) Don't worry "Slats," you're not the only loser!

The Freshmen hope the upperclassmen will notice how well we patronized their socials and Prom, because their big event of the year will be coming around, soon. We hope to show the students of A. H. S. what a real dance is like!

Good-bye now! See you next year.

* * *

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

One of our most interesting and most colorful assemblies of the year was the talk given by Colonel Eustace on February 8. He is one of the last of the African elephant hunters who blazed many a trail and braved many a charging rhino and ferocious animal in the wilds of the deepest jungles of Africa to obtain the precious ivory from the tusks of the elephant. Accompanying this breath-taking

narration were some equally thrilling reels taken by Colonel Eustace and his safari on one of his excursions to the mysterious depths of unknown, and until then, untraversed jungles of Africa. Shown in these wonderful reels was the first picture of the huge white rhinoceros ever taken! Well, I'm sure that the students will agree with us when I give three hearty cheers for as entertaining an assembly as we should ever hope to see.

On March 1, the first debate with Franklin High was presented. This was the first assembly of its kind, held as a special assembly during school hours for the upperclassmen. The subject of the debate was—Resolved: "Should the United States form an Alliance With Great Britain?"

On March 15, a debate similar to the first was given for the freshmen. Both of these debates met with much approval on the part of the student body.

A thrilling picture, "Safari on Wheels" was given on March 22, which proved to be extremely interesting. It was taken on a of recent automobile excursion into the interior Africa. This motion picture was enjoyed by all.

A German film, "Emil und die Detektive" was held as a special assembly on April 5. The plot concerns a young boy, Emil, and his adventures while he is trying to recover money stolen from him on his way to visit his grandmother. Many students not taking German attended this picture and found it very enjoyable.

On a later date a French movie, "Sans Famille" was attended by a great many students. The assembly hall was well filled. The plot wound around the joys and sorrows of a poor French boy who, towards the end of the picture, is united again with his mother and invalid brother.

* * *

THE DEBATE CLUB

In completing a successful season, the newly organized Debate Club may well be proud of its fine record of achievement. Organized at the beginning of the school year by Mr. Edgett of the faculty, and ably in-

structed in voice presentation by Miss Smith, the club has held regular weekly meetings, participated in twenty-two debates, including the District Contest at Braintree and the State Championships at Groton. At Groton, they surprised their most ardent supporters when they went as far as the quarter final round before being eliminated.

The varsity debate teams have been debating the subject chosen this year to be debated all over the United States by high school debating clubs, namely, "Resolved, that the United States Should Establish an Alliance With Great Britain". The affirmative team has been composed of Constance Farrow and Herbert Moore, while the negative has been Marjorie Holt and Stanley Holbrook. Cecile St. Pierre has acted as varsity alternate.

The junior varsity composed of Dorothy Tatro and Victor Greenberg upholding the affirmative and Eileen Greene and Gloria Girard upholding the negative, have been debating the subject, "Resolved, that the several states should adopt socialized medicine." All debates have been held with the Norwood junior varsity.

The Attleboro Debate Club is becoming an integral part of the school's extra-curricular activities and fills an important need for public speaking experience. The club hopes that it may foster and encourage all types of speech contests. The record established by the club in this, its first year of existence should prove to be an inducement to others interested in debating or speech advancement, to join the organization another year.

Varsity	1938-39	Won 6. Lost 4
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* * *

ATTLEBORO DEBATE RESULTS

Date	Teams	Result
Dec. 19	Aff. vs. Franklin H. S. (away)	won on points
Feb. 8	Aff. vs. N. Attleboro H. S. (here)	lost 2-1
Feb. 16	Aff. vs. W. Boylston H. S. (away)	won on points

Mar. 4	Aff. vs. Braintree H. S.	
	(away)	lost 2-1
Mar. 4	Aff. vs. Norwood H. S.	
	(away)	won 3-0
Mar. 4	Aff. vs. Rockland H. S.	
	(away)	lost 2-1
Mar. 20	Aff. vs. Coyle H. S.	
	(away)	won 2-1
Apr. 1	Aff. vs. Hadley H. S.	
	(N. F. L.)*	won 3-0
Apr. 1	Aff. vs. Charlton H. S.	
	(N. F. L.)	lost 2-1
Apr. 1	Aff. vs. Shrewsbury	
	Neg. (N. F. L.)	won 2-1
Jan. 25	Neg. vs. Franklin H. S.	
	(here)	won 2-1
Mar. 4	Neg. vs. Braintree H.	
	S. (away)	won 2-1
Mar. 4	Neg. vs. Norwood H.	
	S. (away)	won 3-0
Mar. 4	Neg. vs. Rockland H.	
	S. (away)	lost 2-1
Mar. 6	Neg. vs. No. Attleboro	
	H. S. (away)	lost 2-0
Mar. 9	Neg. vs. Norwood H.	
	S. (away)	no decision
Apr. 1	Neg. vs. Hadley H. S.	
	(N. F. L.)	won 3-0
Apr. 1	Neg. vs. Braintree H.	
	S. (N. F. L.)	lost 2-1
Apr. 1	Neg. vs. Northampton	
	H. S. (N. F. L.)	lost 3-0
Apr. 10	Neg. vs. Coyle (here)	won 2-1
	Won 5. Lost 4.	

*National Forensic League

* * *

WEEK END GUESTS AT GROTON

On entering Groton, we immediately noticed the unusual size of the houses. Most of the rambling homesteads in this pretty little town are painted white, having spacious lawns with many trees and much shrubbery.

After our long sixty-three mile drive from Attleboro it seemed pretty good to get out and stretch our legs. We could not stretch for long, however, for the registration period was from three until four, and we had not yet

registered. After accomplishing that task we were assigned to the homes in which we were to spend the night. From the main corridor, where all these events were taking place, we immediately went to the public speaking contests, for Cecile St. Pierre, '40, was scheduled to present an oration. From four until five-thirty various contests, such as dramatic readings, orations, and humorous readings were being presented.

No one at the state tournament waited to be introduced before they struck up a conversation, and you really meet some very interesting people in this way! We again met some of the friends we made at the district tournament at Braintree.

At six o'clock supper was served in the high school lunch room. As the lunch room was rather small and we were rather late in getting there, we were pushed into a corner and had to climb over a row of chairs. Supper was a jolly meeting with everyone talking and laughing. The spirit of friendliness and enthusiasm predominated. After supper each group gave their school cheer, and even if Attleboro didn't win the tournament, we outcheered all the other schools!

In the evening the public speaking finals went off. Our group heard some of these, but as England took such a momentous step as forming an alliance with Poland, our speeches had to have several changes made in them, so we adjourned to the chemistry room, of which we had the exclusive use for the evening. Around ten o'clock that evening we were still rehearsing our speeches. However, as the school was going to close for the night, we had to break up our meeting and separate for the night.

At the home where I stayed, we arose at seven-thirty Saturday morning so that we would have time to visit Groton Academy before the debating started at nine-fifteen. The cathedral at this school is one of the loveliest I have ever seen. We didn't have time to visit the inside of the school as the time for debating to begin was drawing near.

Saturday was given over entirely to debating. Every room at the high school was

being used, as were the Town Hall and the Odd Fellow's Hall. Our two first debates were in the Odd Fellow's Hall, but as we got lost going over there a little colored boy directed us. He was highly elated to think that the state tournament was held in Groton, and that he had the privilege to help decorate the hall for the dance.

We had no audience at these debates except a few of the Attleboro students who made the trip for pleasure, and three judges who sat in the back of the room. Each debate has different judges, and I find it interesting as well as amusing to watch their facial expressions as I present my argument to see how they react to my ideas. After each debate the judges usually congratulate each team on the work they did. You are not told which team won the debate, however, until noon-time, when the schedule is read for the afternoon debating.

After these two debates it was dinner time, so we returned to the school. This time we made sure we wouldn't have to sit in the corner or climb over chairs. We stood right in front of the lunch room door, and as soon as it opened we rushed in! After dinner the names of the schools who were still in the running were announced. It really was quite a thrill to hear "Attleboro" called out among all those other schools.

Well, after dinner we were scheduled for another debate. This time we had an audience—a room full of Lawrence Academy boys! One of the reasons why I like debating is that you meet such interesting students from different schools.

This was our last debate, because we were dropped from the running for losing three debates. We spent the rest of the afternoon listening to others debate. You'd be surprised how many of the teams agreed that there is much to be said for the dictators. We were much amused by the use of newspapers. Practically every team had a paper in their possession, because the Anglo-Polish Alliance had a good deal of bearing on the question we were debating. First one team would quote from the paper, then the other,

and I didn't hear the same article quoted twice! That shows that the students who debate in the finals must be on their toes every minute for the latest news, because sometimes that is the deciding factor in a debate.

The banquet was held at six p. m., but because some of our group were rather slow in getting ready for the dance we were late, and it was indeed fortunate for us that there was a restaurant next door to the school! We heard the finals in the debating that evening. This last debate didn't end until nine-thirty, so you can see some of the debaters had a hard day, debating continuously from nine-fifteen a. m. until nine-thirty p. m. From this debate we went to the Town Hall where the dance was held. You can imagine Mr. Edgett's surprise when he saw there the West Boylston High School jazz band which he helped organize and of which he was the leader last year. The dance floor was good, and dances were exchanged with different students. Between dances the hall resembled a social gathering, for everyone was talking over the events of the week-end. When the dance was half over, the awards were given out for the first, second, and third places in each contest. The first and second place winners are entitled to enter the national tournament which is to be held at Beverly Hills, California, this year.

It seems too bad that Attleboro High can't be represented in more of the various contests. Shrewsbury, which is a much smaller school than Attleboro, placed second. How about some more support for the debate club next year?

Marjorie Holt, '40

* * *

A CUTE LITTLE DITTY

He squeezed her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his.

"Excuse me, but I thought it was my
sister,"

He said.

She smiled and cooed, "It is."



IDA FRATONI, '39

CHARLES COOPER, '40

RALPH SCHULTHEISS, '40

Operetta rehearsals are over, but Mr. Gibb wants the Glee Club to continue reporting on Thursday.

Remember the date; May 17, 1939 the Band held its annual concert.

Charles Cooper, '40, has been an outstanding Glee Club member.

How grateful students would be if all members of the band would accidently happen to play the same piece at the same time.

Edna Gagnon played an important part in the operetta, but we are wondering if some talent in the H. S. has been overlooked.

Several popular songs have been heard behind the stage; we may have a Benny Goodman in the orchestra yet!

The Special Chorus is looking forward to going to Belmont this year. If they don't go it will be the first time in ten years that they have not participated in the annual musical convention.

Recently the Glee Club has been heard singing that favorite song of Kate Smith's, "God Bless America."

All operetta books should be turned in to Mr. Gibb.

No other school can claim, we believe, as fine a music director and leader as Mr. Gibb.

Our band and orchestra will lose several members this year by graduation.

The Glee Club deserves congratulations for the splendid way they presented the operetta.

Every student who can play, or wishes to learn to play an instrument is welcome to join the orchestra or band.

So long, music lovers, 'til next time.

ATTENTION MUSIC LOVERS

All of Miss Carolyn Churchill's English IV classes have voted Kay Kyser's Program as the outstanding musical program on the air.

* * *

GLEE CLUB

Mr. Gibb as yet has not decided to take the special chorus to the Massachusetts Music Festival this year. If a chorus does not go this year, it will be the first time we haven't attended in ten to fifteen years. For the past few years we have won first place. We also were the first in the state to have a chorus to sing and compete. There are approximately fifty choruses competing this year.

We can't understand why all the singers of the school don't come and help us win first place again. Boys are needed more this year than ever before although we still have as many singers as last year. It seems that there is a lack of enthusiasm. There is just as much satisfaction in winning first place in this competition as in winning the "North" football game. Now, why don't you singers come in Thursday afternoon and show your real school spirit?

* * *

BAND NOTES

The band is not yet ready to attend and compete at the Music Festival.

We have started a tradition of having an annual concert, and this year it will be on the night of May 17. There will be more soloists than last year and four outside soloists. There are to be several duets and trios as well.

S naps

EDDIE PERRY "1940"
G BOUCHER "1940"
photographers



PERHAPS HE SEES
A PROSPECT! (M)



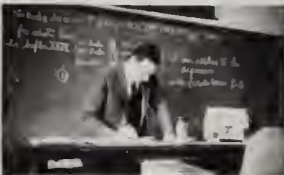
FLAT FOOT FLOOGEE
OSTERBERG (AC)



LOOK PRETTY,
AND WATCH
THE BIRDIE
PLEASE! (MY)



TWO SERIOUS WOMEN OF 203!
MY! OH! MY! WHAT CAN
THE MATTER BE?!!! (GB)

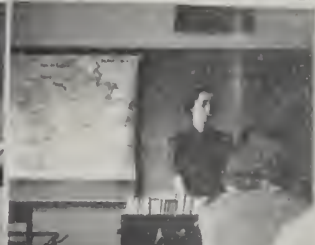


MR. COOPER
PUSHING LEAD!
(M.Y.)

← 'TAUN
IT CLARKIE!
ISNT HE
CUTE, GIRLS?
(GB)



LEFT-SIDE - RAY "MUSCLE BOUND" FRANKLIN (M.Y.)
LEFT-TOP - DUCK! MARGIE'S A PRETTY GOOD SHOT
BOTH WITH A SNOWBALL AND A CAMERA!
RIGHT-TOP - MLE. PIERCE PARLE BEAUCOUP, DE
FRANCAIS!



Basketball — 1939



"SPARKY" "MAGGIE" "BILLIE"
"CHARLIE" "SHORTY"



"MARK" MERCIER →



"CUTIE" MAGUIRE



"PLAY BALL"
MARKMAN



"BUTCH
THE
KID"



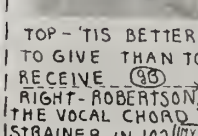
"TOUGHIE"
MADDEN



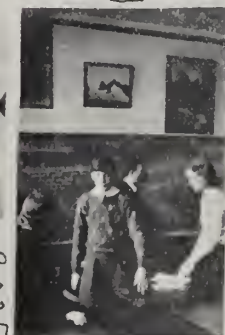
"ZOLU"
CARLON



MISS GRAVES IN
CONFERENCE !!!
(GB)



TOP - 'TIS BETTER
TO GIVE THAN TO
RECEIVE (GB)
RIGHT - ROBERTSON,
THE VOCAL CHORD
STRAINER, IN 102! (MY)



ATHLETICS

ZYGMONT KULAGA '39

HOPE PICKEN '39

CHARLES SHIELDS '40

Baseball

Baseball is in full swing at the present time.

The prospects for this season are very bright, with such veterans as Red Schockroo, Ray Baris, James Lee and Bill Madden returning. They form the nucleus of this year's team.

The starting lineup will probably be

H. Johnson—P.

W. Madden—C.

R. Baris—1 B.

C. Markman—2 B.

R. Shockroo—3 B.

M. Mercier—S. S.

J. Martinelli—L. F.

J. Lee—C. F.

W. Connolly—R. F.

Coach Howard Tozier has been drilling the team regularly since the "good" weather started.

The team is stronger defensively than it is offensively. With Martinelli in left field, we have one of the best defensive out-fielders in the city.

Shorty Lee roams center field to everyone's satisfaction. He can also be counted on to get his share of the hits.

Bill Connolly in right field, although only a sophomore, is really a veteran from last year's squad. He is counted on to take his turn on the mound.

In the infield, Coach Tozier has Ray Baris at first base. He is one of the smoothest fielders A. H. S. has had in years around first base.

On second base is Charlie Markman. Although this is his first year in baseball, he is one of the best ball players on the squad. His fielding leaves nothing to be desired, and despite his lack of height is one of the best stickers on the team. Markman may be moved from second to shortstop, changing positions with Mark Mercier.

Mark is a fighting player. Although handicapped by lack of height, as is Charlie Markman, he makes it up by his fight. He can always be counted on to get his share of hits.

At third base is the real veteran, Red Shockroo. There won't be any squeeze plays pulled this year with Red at third. He has a very good whip to first base.

The starting battery will probably be Harold Johnson and Red Madden. Madden is none too sure of his job as Walt Nyzio is also fighting for the backstop. Shifted to catcher from third base, Bill Madden is doing a good job. He has a great deal of chatter, and his peg to second base leaves little to be desired.

Walt Nyzio is probably a more finished catcher than Madden, but Red will probably get the job due to his all around play.

There is nothing much new to say about Harold Johnson. The whole hopes of this year's team are on his shoulders, not only because of his pitching ability, but because he is probably the best batter on the team. When he is not pitching, he will be out in right field. Major league scouts have been looking him over, and his ability is very well thought of.

A few of the substitutes likely to see action are Gerard Boucher, Dave Briggs, Ted Healey, and Anderson.

Boucher is a candidate for third, and although Red Shockroo is pretty well fixed at that position, "Bouch" may break into the lineup elsewhere because of his hitting ability.

Dave Briggs will undoubtedly get in a few games. He is at a decided disadvantage to be an understudy to Baris. He is a very good fielder, and he is much improved in his hitting.

Healey is being counted on for next year. Being only a sophomore, he will gain the experience this year, and next year step into one of the regular positions.

Anderson handles himself like a real ball

player. He is in very much the same boat as is Healey.

Tip O'Neil is fighting Charlie Markman for the second base position. He is a very good hitter, and he is very likely to see some action.

The players above are the ones that Coach Tozier is placing his hopes on mainly. Quite a few of the players mentioned will return next year and the outlook is good.

Tennis

The tennis team opens its season playing New Bedford on May 2nd. If the tennis courts are not ready in Attleboro, the match will be postponed until later in the season.

Because of the recent bad weather the team is very handicapped.

The team will sorely miss the services of Charlie Markman, but a number of veterans are returning and the outlook isn't too dull.

Ken Clark, Chick Shields, Earl Friedman, Judd Stafford, and Franny Macguire, will form the nucleus of this year's team.

Among the candidates, Earl Robinson, Art Carlson, Patterson, Owen Johnson, and Dave Rounseville are the most promising.

The team will probably be composed of seven men.

The big match of the season will be the Newton match. Newton being State Champions, it is an honor for Attleboro to be able to play them.

Basketball

The basketball season has by now become a hazy thing of the past to most of us. But if you will think back, you will remember that the mighty mites pulled through the season in fine fashion, despite having to play all its games on foreign courts.

Coach Tozier, with the team members, has picked an all star team, composed of the best players the A. H. S. had to face. After due consideration of each and every one of the teams submitted, we brazenly stick our necks out and give *the* all-star team of the past season.

Forward—Page, Quiney

Forward—Riley, New Bedford

Center—O'Connell, Coyle

Guard—DeSantis, Quiney

Guard—Townsend, New Bedford Reserves

Underwood—North Quiney

Stonjy—Taunton

For the Captain of this team we pick DeSantis, who played outstanding basketball against the A. H. S. and was the cause of our defeat by Quiney.

Track

Mr. Cooney, our track coach, has a safe, but disquieting system of shedding tears each year before the track season gets under way. This year was no exception, and reports were given out that we were in for a disastrous season. Therefore, when our squad of green trackmen set out for Fairhaven to meet that crack team, everyone just smiled with pity and waited for the bad news.

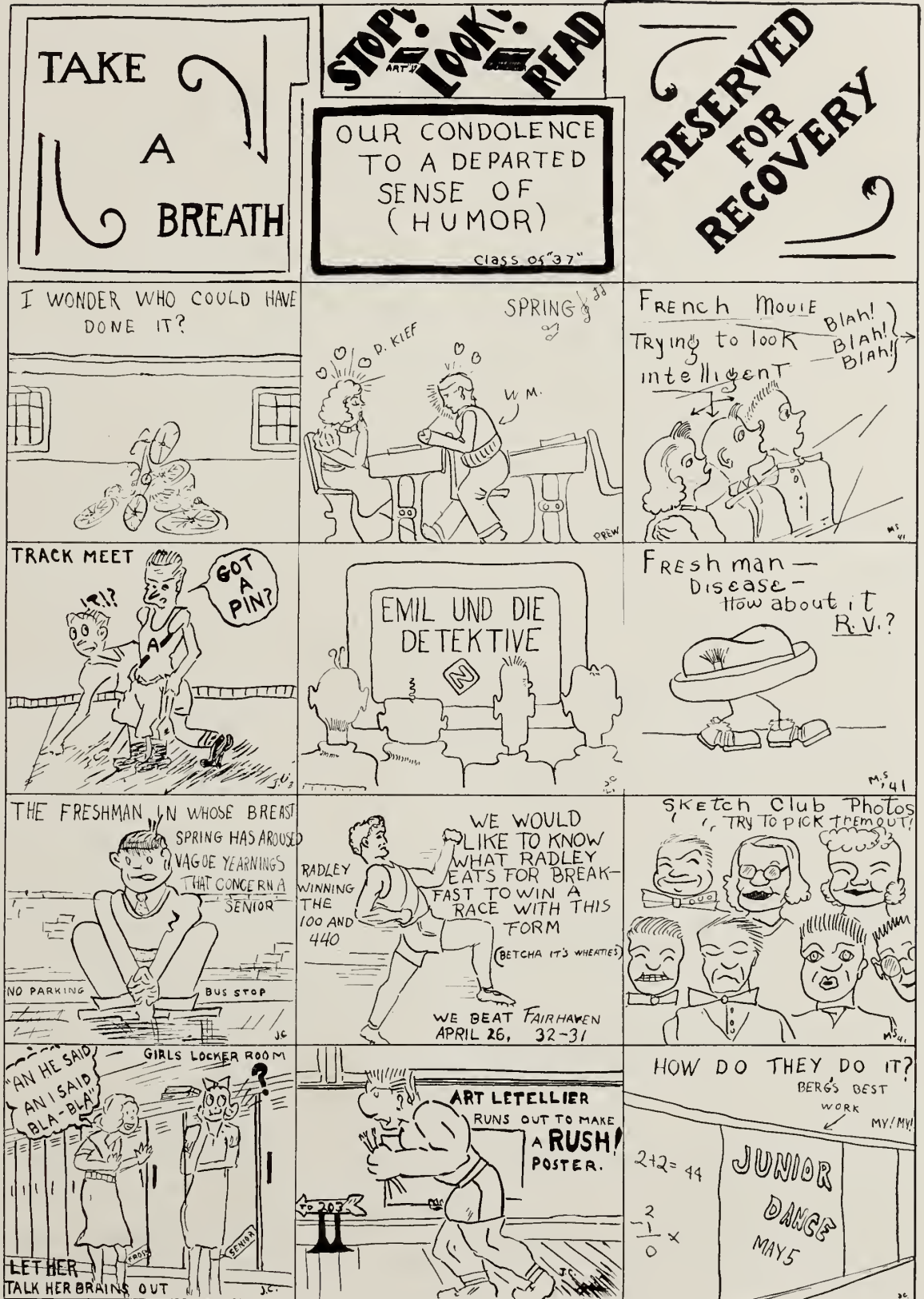
The track squad, however, must have got its signals crossed and did not know it was supposed to lose, for it buckled down to work and won the meet, 32 to 31.

The boys that scored points at the meet are John Radley—first in the 100 yard dash, and first in the 440; Demetrius Athanas—first in the shotput event; Zig Kulaga—first in the broad jump and third in the high jump; John Churchill—first in the 880 run; Ralph Dunican—second in the 220 dash, and third in the broad jump; Ray Franklin—third in the shotput; and Elsworth White—third in the 440 run.

Girls' Athletics

Ida Kinzle was presented with a trophy, upon which her name was engraved, for being the most outstanding player of this year. Ida certainly deserves this award as she has been a steady member of the varsity squad for four years and she is able to play well at any position. However, her outstanding playing has been in the position of guard.

Genevieve Kaczowka deserves mention as being leading scorer this year.



HOOTS

RALPH HAWKINS '39

JOSEPH POWERS '39

THOMAS O'BRIEN, '40

Larry—"Darling, as I kissed you then, love was born."

Marge—"That's fine, dear, but wipe that birthmark off your face."

Director—"Don't forget now. You look around, discover that someone is chasing you, then you dive off this two hundred foot cliff."

"Clark" Weinert (now in movies)—"But there's only six inches of water at the bottom."

Director—"Sure, you don't think we want you to drown, do you?"

Ray Franklin—"What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof. Goding—"I told you to write plainer."

This year, as in any other year, the last word in airplanes is "jump."

Alex Charest—"Would you like to drop in and see my etchings?"

Freshman Girl—"Yes, indeed!"

Alex—"Then drop in at the library. They're on exhibition."

The newcomer knocked at the pearly gates and St. Peter's voice called, "Who's there?"

"It is I," answered the newcomer.

"Well, get out! We don't want any more school teachers."

Old Maid—"Has the canary had its bath yet?"

Servant—"Yes, ma'am. You can come in now."

Bev—"My poor aunt Agatha had only two dates in all her life."

Sue—"My, only two?"

Bev—"Yes, one on her birth certificate and one on her tombstone."

Cute Kenny Clark—"But mamma, I'm not hungry. I ate all the raisins off the fly-paper."

SHE WAS ONLY A DAUGHTER

She was only a professor's daughter, but she learned her lesson.

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she sure did go to blazes.

She was only a tailor's daughter, but she pressed well.

She was only a surgeon's daughter, but, oh, what a cut-up.

She was only a barber's daughter, but what a mug she had.

She was only a plumber's daughter, but she had good connections.

She was only a milkman's daughter, but she was the cream of the crop.

She was only a blacksmith's daughter, but she knew how to forge ahead.

Photographer—"Do you want a five dollar picture or a two dollar picture?"

Senior—"Two dollar."

Photographer—"Then close your mouth."

Owen (kissing her)—"I'll bet if your father came in now, there'd be fireworks."

Dot—"Naturally, you punk!"

Hubby—"There's something about married life that's tiresome."

Wifey—"That's what I say."

Hubby—"Yes."

Ray Maynard rounded a bend at close to forty. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

Ed—"Were you surprised when you got the nomination?"

Tom—"I'll say. My acceptance speech nearly fell out of my hand."

First Lunatic—"It's certainly boresome and monotonous in this place, isn't it?"

Second Ditto—"Yes, if I stay here another day, I'll go crazy."

Nat Gard—"Je t'adore."

Hope Ward—"Shut it yourself. You left it open."

When a girl soft soaps a guy, she is usually ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent purr.

I bought a wooden whistle and it wooden whistle.

I bought a steel whistle and steel it wouldn't whistle.

I bought a tin whistle and now I tin whistle.

First Liar—"Do you see that church yonder about two miles away? Well, I can see a little fly on the cross at the top."

Second Liar—"Yes, and isn't that a beautiful song he's singing?"

Miss Pierce—"Translate—"A Nice, peut-être?"

Harold Fine (translating "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon")—"A nice potato?"

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

Then there's the one about the two nuts who entered a restaurant. Both ordered chicken soup.

When the order arrived, the first screwball took out his fountain pen, dipped it in the plate, and filled the pen with soup. The second screwball shook his head.

"That's all wrong," he advised, "you should first put pepper in your soup before you fill your pen."

The first nut looked up. "That's silly," he remarked. "Why should I put pepper in the soup before I fill my pen?"

The second screwball smiled tolerantly. "My dear friend," he explained, "If you don't put pepper in—and you write a letter—how do you expect to dot the 'i's'?"

Manter—"These trees were planted by my grandfather when he was a child."

Remington—"Don't be silly. How could a child plant such big trees?"

Barber—"Do you want anything on your face when finished, sir?"

Baker—"Well, I hope you leave my nose."

Salesman (Hadley)—"Boy, I'd like to see someone with a little authority."

Office Boy (Robillard)—"What can I do for you—I have about as little as anyone."

Vicar (benevolently)—"And what is your name my little man?"

J. Smith—"Well, if that ain't the limit. Why it was you that christened me."

"Pay your taxes with a smile," said a writer.

Unfortunately the tax collector wants cash.

City Visitor (Ray)—"I see there's a factory putting out milk made from hay."

Farmer (Martin)—"Well, that ain't any more than my cows do every day."

Referee—"I didn't see a foul. I can't be all over the field."

Shockroo—"Don't worry, you will be after the game."

Ruth M.—"I wonder if I'll be catching something after you kiss me."

Charlie M. (conceited)—"Sure, your breath."

Let me tell you about Mr. Fisher,
Who was fishing for fish in a fissure.
But alas and alack, he slipped into the
crack,

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

"Last night was a night and no mistake,
Louis."

"Do you know, I finished up in a police
station?"

"Lucky dog," said Brogan, bitterness in
his voice. "I found my way home."

Manager (to neglected diner)—"Can you
identify the waiter who started to serve
you, sir?"

Gendron (indicating plate)—"Well, we've
got his finger prints."

One can appreciate America's isolation in
contrast to the many border lines in Europe.
In one tiny European nation, a peasant needs
passports to three other countries every time
he rounds up his cows in his pasture.

Hilda—"So Barb threw over that young
doctor she was going with."

Anita—"Yes, and what do you think?
He not only requested her to return his presents
but sent her a bill for forty-seven visits."

Tom (embracing her firmly)—"Darling,
your freckles are cute."

Ida—"Freckles; I've got the measles."

Ev O.—"How can I get a chap off my
lips?"

Bud S.—"Slap his face."

In China the people have the right idea.
They sit on the floor at the beginning of a
party instead of near the end.

Louise H.—"You have to admit, big boy,
that when it comes to petting I make my own
laws."

Chick S.—"Yeah, I know, baby. And
they sure have teeth in them"

J. Dunn—"I'd like to work in your office,
mister."

Mr. Radnor—"Okay, I'll make you a
proposition."

J. Dunn—"Sa-ay, wait'll I get the job
first!"

Ida F.—"I'll let you have a date with me,
handsome, if you'll talk turkey."

J. White—"Okay. Gobble, gobble, gob-
ble, gobble."

Girls who stick to their knitting can
usually hand out a good sock.

Jack O.—"What's the best kind of date to
take on a lay ride?"

Irene D.—"A grass widow."

Hilda O.—"My man," she said, "can you
tell me whether this is a male hippopotamus
a female hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper eyed
the lady coldly. His tone was metallic.

Ray F.—"Madam," he said, "I don't
see how that could interest anyone but a
hippopotamus."

* * *

Child's Sleep

Gone with eternity
Never to stay,
Day's every blunder
Has passed away.

The dear sweet child
Is laid to rest,
And is dreaming dreams
On the isle of the blest.

M. M. James, '40

ALUMNI NOTES

BETTY NOLAN '39

MINETTE BRIGHAM '39

PATRICIA MINER '39

GEORGE MOORE '39

MARCILE GUSTAFSON '39

We hear that . . .

Bob Hanlon, '38, is studying hard at Dean Academy in preparation for Worcester Tech where he will delve into the realm of mechanical engineering.

Marjorie Ellis, '38, is attending Simmons College but has an interest in Brown.

Art Hinds, the speed demon of '38, is developing his muscles at Ashley's Lumber Yard.

Mary Collins, '37, is busy at the Western Union Telegraph Office.

Ernie La Croix, '36, is working at the Colonial Printing Company. Too bad it can't be Balfour's accounting department, Ernie.

Employed at Balfour's are Jackie Gibeault, accounting department, and Norma Carlson, fraternity department, both of the class of '37.

Lorraine Demers, that blond heart breaker of the class of '38, is employed at Simmons.

Bette Bolton, '37, was chosen the typical Lesley girl at the Lesley School.

Priscilla Blackinton and Barbara Magregor, '38, are furthering their education at Bryant.

Bob Schultheiss, '38, is obtaining scholastic honors at Worcester Tech.

Bill Gow is commuting nightly to Wheaton College. He is reported to have been heard singing "Am I In Love."

Alice Towle is selling chapeaux at Madame Durand's.

Lola Reynolds is studying art at the Vesper George School of Art.

Margaret Gustafson, '38, wends her way through the early morning mists to Spencers.

Tom Garipey is still serving customers with a smile at County Square during the day while nightly he attends school in Pawtucket.

Lydia Briggs was honored recently in the spring election at Pembroke College. She was chosen a senior board member of Brownies, a college social organization. Previously, she

had been secretary and vice-president of this society. She has been class vice-president, a member of the class social committee, and a model in the Brownie Fashion Shows.

Ruth Manter, a Pembroke senior, has been admitted to study Latin under Brown's special honors program.

Among the seniors who received caps and gowns at Providence College were Anthony G. Pariseau and Paul G. Morin. Morin, who is receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, was a member of the Junior Boxing Committee. Pariseau, who played football during his four years at P.C. and is captain of this year's squad, is receiving a Bachelor of Philosophy degree.

WANTED—MORE INTEREST

(Continued from Page 4)

If you have no part time job which requires your attention in the afternoons, and if you like sports, why not come out and try for the team? Besides learning to be either a football, basketball, or baseball player, you will come in contact with new friends and see new faces.

To become a good athlete, you will be expected to listen to your coach, and to arrive on time for practice each day, ready to go to work. If you follow these rules you will without doubt be taken into careful consideration as a player.

Seventy five or more football candidates are wanted for the making of next year's football team. To interest them, the coach is holding indoor practice in the gym every Saturday morning. Besides teaching them plays and fundamentals, he shows them football pictures, and sometimes has a noted coach or player speak. If the coach does his part in trying to make Attleboro High School well-known throughout Massachusetts for its athletic ability, why not do your part and come out for sports? *Ara Maksoodian, '41*

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J. Dunn—"Can you read my mind?"

Red—"No, I forgot my glasses."

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Gendron—"The part where I broke the horn over your head."

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Irene Doyle—"Don't ask me!"

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F. Powers—"Yep, I've been fired eight times."

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F. Drew—"Yeh, the same eight hours!"

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